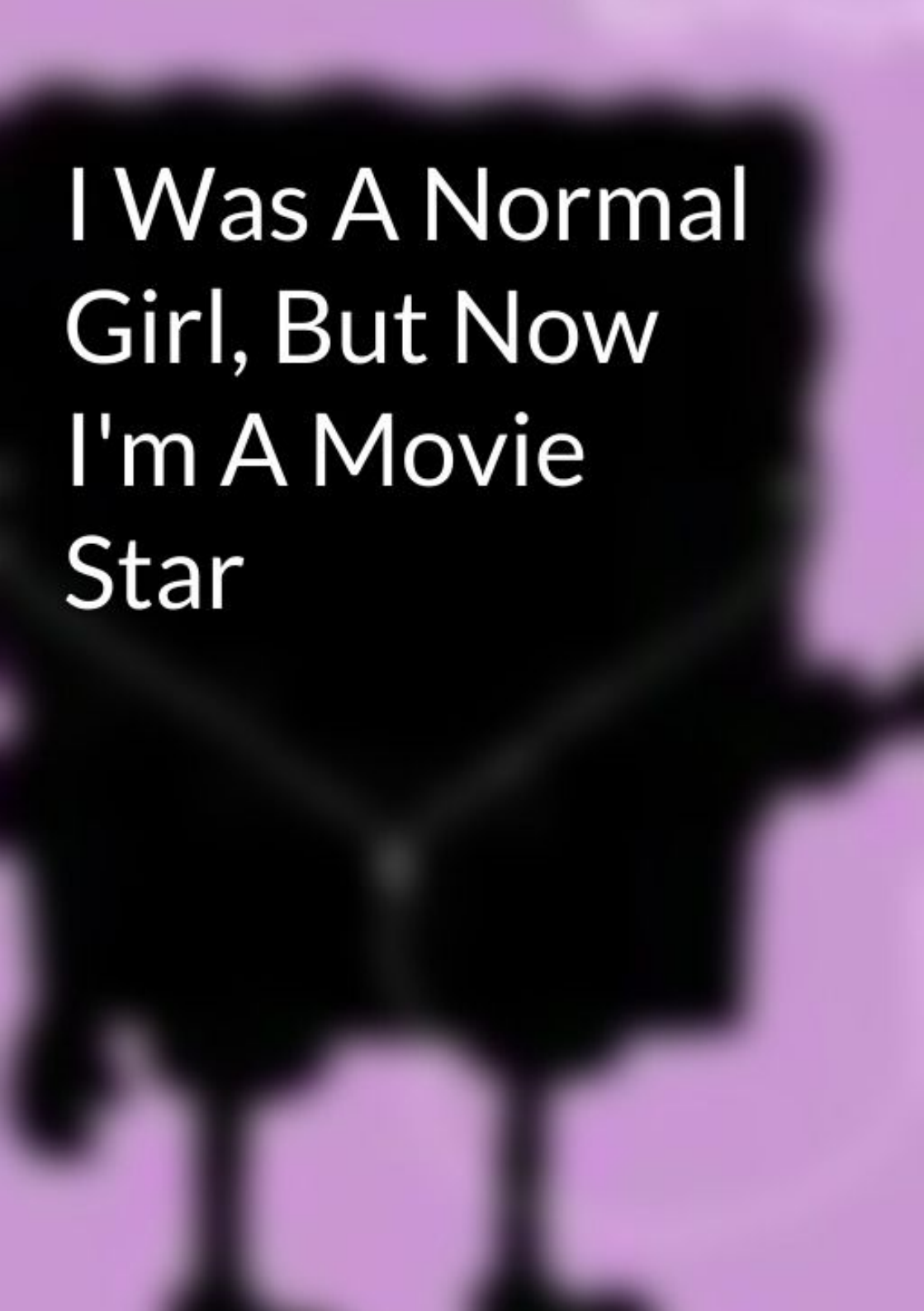
I Was A Normal Girl, But Now I'm A Movie Star



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I Was A Normal Girl, But Now I'm A Movie Star

By xxlittleflamexx

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Chapter 1

I Was A Normal Girl, But Now I'm A Movie Star

Hey guys and Gals!!!! But mostly gals :P so this is a story I posted on my other account which shall not be named. It's the same story, but I made a few changes and changed the title so people can read it on this account. And because it wasn't so popular there. Oh well. Here goes!!!!!!!!

I Was A Normal Girl, But Now I'm A Movie Star

Chapter 1

Oh, god. I can't believe I'm actually here! After what seemed like weeks of begging my parents to let me try out for this part, here I am. In Hollywood. Trying out for the lead part in a new movie starring

Hollywood Heartthrob, Spencer Sheldon. He was tall, dark, handsome, but that's surprising not the reason I'm here.

"Beatrice Marie Lockharte." The director called out my full name. I winced, partly from being called 'Beatrice', and partly because I'm nervous.

I took a deep breath and chanted my motto in my mind. Hakuna Matata, Hakuna Matata.

Okay, so my motto is from an animated movie, but it's still a good motto!

I'd seen the girls auditioning before me. They were all only there for Mr. Hottie, AKA Spencer. Airheads. They all were staring at him like he was some Sensei of hottness. Pfft. Whatever.

"Umm, call me Marie." I said to the director/producer, Henry Marx. My whole career was in his hands. He nodded and poised his pen ready for note-taking.

Spencer was the one who was reciting the lines so the girls auditioning could act. He started his lines. "Alice, why are you afraid? Is it because of our parents? I don't care what they think. Is it what our

friends will think? What's wrong?" Wow. He is good. He was staring at me with such intensity I almost had to look away. Almost.

"Eric, you have to stay away from me. I'm no good for you!" I poured my whole soul into my charachter. I let the fake tears come to my eyes as I pushed away his reaching hands.

I looked past his shoulders at the wall beind him and widened my eyes dramatically.

"They're here." I whispered.

"Cut!" Henry yelled. I looked at him and smiled when I saw the hope in his eyes after that long day of rejecting desperate girls with horrible skills.

"We'll call you when we pick, but I'd say you're a shoo-in for the part. Have a great day!" He said.

I turned and walked, more like skipped, out of the room. I felt somebody staring at me as I left, and I glanced behind me before stepping out. It was Spencer. He had this wierd look on his face like he was confused.

Sighs. My future will be decided in the next week.

Next Week

I was sitting at my lunch table in the cafeteria at school, surrounded by my closest friends, my my twin brother and his friends, and that creepy girl that's been hanging all over him since he got on the football team. Airhead x10.

I was debating with my frind, Christy, about who would look better in a bikini: my brother or hers. I was saying hers, she was saying mine.

"Oh, come on! Evan totally has the abs for it, I mean have you seen my brother's pecks? AGH!" Christy fake-puked.

"Oh, how I love my sister." Chris said sarcastically.

"Well, wouldn't Chris' flabby pecks just fill n the bikini more? That means he'd look hot in one." I retorted.

My brother, Evan, buried his head in his hands, embarrassed.

"Well, there's only one way to find out," Christy smiled evil and looked at the guys.

Evan and Chris exchanged a tortured glance and said "No!" together. Christy and I sighed.

"Fine." we grumbled.

"So, Mare, have you gotten the call about--" RING! My text-tone interrupted another one of my friends, Addy.

"Sorry," I apoligized, and looked at the screen on my cell. Hmmm. Unknown number.

I flipped open my Razr and read the message, eyes growing bigger.

"What?" Just about everybody at the table asked.

"I got the part." I said quietly. "I got the part!!!!!" I screamed. I guess the entire room must have heard, because suddenly everybody was screaming like crazy and hugging me an congratulating me. They must have heard about my audition last week.

When the excitment died down, Addy asked me, "Wait, why did they text you?"

"They know I'm in school and didn't want to interrupt me. The said to call back ASAP." I replied.

"THEN CALL THEM BACK!" Everybody screamed at me. Ow!

"Okay! Hush! See? I'm dialing." I rolled my eyes. They were more thrilled than me.

"Hello?" I heard the English accent of Henry Marx.

"Hey, it's Marie." I said as calmly as I could.

"Oh, hello, dear. I see you got my message."

"Yup." so we talked a little bit about what was going to happened, and I mentioned that about 100 of my classmates and teachers were listening in so he got to kno a little bit more about me. Meaning people yelled out random compliments about me.

"Well, ok, I guess you get everything now, so see you on Monday! Toodles!" Not only did he get to know about me, I got to know some things about him. Likehow he says things like 'Toodles!'

Monday my life changes forever.

Thats all I could think until Sunday morning when I was saying goodbye to everybody. My three BFF's, Christy, Addy, and Kat *HAHAHA I added her in there cuz I feel lyk having Kat in another story lol but this Kat is waaaayyyyyyy diff from HTTF Kat*, and they were hugging me every three seconds.

"GUYS! I promise I'll fly you guys out for the premiere!!!" I said.

"WE'LL MISS YOU!!!!!!!!" They screamed as I boarded the plane. I waved goobye and walked into my destiny..... Well, into first class.

Chapter 2

I Was A Normal Girl, But Now I'm A Movie Star <2>

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*Heyy.... So I have a question. Do you want me to post short chapters once a day, and by short I mean one or two pages, or long chapters every week? Long as in 5 or 6 pages. Just a thought. Ok! So enjoy this next chapter, I added a charachter

based on one of my friends, THIS ONE GOES OUT TO VICTORIA!!!!!*

Chapter 2

All I can say is woooowwwwwww. Los Angelas is amazing. I saw this sign in the airport that said Los Angelas' full name and it took like 5 minutes to read it. Well, thats a bit of an exageration, but whatever.

So, the studio sent a limo to pick me up. A LIMO! Back where I come from, they don't even have these! After gazing in awe for about 10 minutes, I entered and looked around. Wow. Again.

Dark interior leater, tinted windows, a mini bar! I sat on the cool seat and looked around.

"It's amazing, isn't it?" a voice said from the front end of the seat. I jumped about a foot in the air.

"Sorry!" the girl apoligized. She had dark hair with blonde highlights and she looked really pretty. She stuck out her hand. "I'm Victoria. I'll be your assistant for the duration of the movie."

"Oh, ok. I'm Marie. It's nice to meet you." I said, shaking her hand. "So, are we going straight to my place?"

Victoria glanced at a clipboard on her lap and said, "Uh, no. We are going to pick up Spencer Sheldon, then going to talk to Henry about the movie."

I nodded. "Ok. Hey, can I call you Vicki?" I asked. She nodded.

"So, Vicki, tell me about yourself." I said. She looked taken aback. "What?" I inquired.

"Oh, it's just that most actress' I've worked with mostly want to talk about themselves, and not to be rude or anything, I've only met 2 that aren't stuckup little snoots." She giggled and I joined her.

We talked a little bit about ourselves, taking turns. Guess what? Two hours and I've aalready got a new friend. I found out that what Vicki really wants in the show business is to be behind the camera. Being an Actresses assistant is only a way to make it to the top. She's only my age, she just graduated early and went to college for a year.

Turns out those 2 non-snoot actresses are going to be in the movie, as two of the lead role's enemies. The movie is called "Walking Among Us" and is sort of like a sixth-sense-ish type movie. The lead role, Alice (me), can see ghosts and spirits of the dead. This ruins her life and she is a social outcast. Then comes along playboy Eric Turner (Spencer) and they fall in love. La-di-di-da-da. But when the spirits find out he knows about her sense, they try to kill him!!!!!! LOL. I

read through the script, and surprise surprise! Eric somehow gets the sense, too and the spirits leave him alone. Happily ever after. Whoop-dee-doo.

I also read that I have to kiss him like 12 times. BARF. I can just see the look on his arrogant face when we rehearse.

Anyways, after we were done talking, we turned up the radio and it was playing Evacuate the Dance Floor by Cascada.

Vicki and I were singing at the top of our lungs. "WHOA, WHOA! EVACUATE THE DANCE FLOOR! WHOA, WHOA! I'M INFECTED BY THE SOUND! WHOA, WHOA! STOP THIS BEAT IS KILLING ME!!!!" We were having so much fun we didn't even notice when the limo stopped and Spencer hopped in from wherever we were.

He shut off the radio and Vicki and I frowned at him. "What?" he asked.

"We were listening to that!" I yelled at him. He looked kind of annoyed.

"Can you stop yelling? Sheesh, I have a headache, no thanks to you." He groaned.

"Well, maybe if you weren't such an alcoholic, then you wouldn't be so hungover!" I shouted as loud I could in his ear, just to annoy him.

"OKAY! Point taken! So, just leave me ALONE!" He screeched back.

Vicki had her hands over her ears. "GOD! Have a scream fest, why don't ya?" she complained.

"Oh, hi .... um..... Patricia?." Spencer said, finally noticing her presence.

Vicki and I exchanged glances and nodded. "ITS VICTORIA!" We both screamed.

He fell over on the seat and buried his head in his arms. "Ugggghhh..."

Chapter 3

I Was a Normal Girl, But Now I'm a Movie Star <3>

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*Okay, sorry for not posting in a while, and sorry this chapter is super short!

This one goes out to Kat, HAPPY BIRTHDAY KAT!!!!!

Also, my two new characters, Tirza and Victoria, are based off of my two friends, Tirza and Victoria. The shark-tooth thing is something I bother Tirza with aaalllll the time.*

Chapter 3

WHOO! First day of rehearsals. Henry decided to start from the scene where Alice and Eric first catch

each other's eyes from across the school patio and there's a spark. HEAVE.

"Hey, I'm Eric." Spencer said. I blinked up at him from the table I was sitting at whilst reading a book.

"Alice." I looked down at my book and started 'reading' again. I then proceeded to look up and widen my eyes a little bit at the sight of Tirza, my costar, who is playing one of my character's Ghostly Godsisters, Alicia Meeks. She was pale from the makeup, and had purplish shadows under her eyes like a ghost.

Tirza gestured for 'Alice' to follow her out of the room. I stood up. "I have to go." I muttered, and ran off set, making it look like I ran off of the patio.

"CUT!" Henry yelled. "Great stuff, jolly good." I rolled my eyes. "Ok, I think that's enough rehearsal for today. Oh, Marie? Are you ready for tonight?"

Tonight is my very first outing as a movie star. We're all going to the premiere of that new movie that is really only going to be popular because it has all those really hot actors in it.

"Yeah, I have my dress and everything." I replied. He nodded.

"Hey, Mare, are you coming in our limo?" Tirza asked me.

"Um, sure, if you want me to."

"Of course I do! We'll pick you up from your hotel at 7, 'Kay?"

"Okie Dokie!"

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Tirza nodded. "You know, that thing could kill you. It could come to life at night and stab your windpipe." I said matter-of-factly. Tirza rolled her eyes and went back to her 'super interesting' conversation with Victoria. When we got to the premiere, I was relieved to be out of the limo. I was about to snap.

"Hey Mare, we have a surprise for you." Tirza said when she and Victoria stepped out of the limo and onto the red carpet that led to the entrance to the theater. I gave her a questioning look.

A pair of small hands covered my eyes from behind me. "Guess who?" A very familiar voice asked.

"KAT! What are you doing here?" I whirled around and hugged my best friend.

She laughed. "Buying a designer handbag, what do you think I'm doing here, Dingdong? I'm here to see you!"

"Yay! When did you get here? For how long are you here? Are you coming inside with us? Is everything okay back home? Am I being Punked? Everything is fine, right? I mean, look at you, you're not wearing

pink!" I looked down at her black dress and my eyes widened. "That's black." I said flatly.

You see, Kat is a pink person. No, she does not wear it ironically (sorry, Kat), but she wears it like a girl like her would wear it. She's perky and full of 'School spirit', but she draws the line at cheerleading. Kat says, and I quote, "Cheerleading is a competition in school spirit, and true school spirit is not a competitive thing. I hate cheerleaders." When she says cheerleaders, she means the one at our school. They live and breathe mean. Kat, on the other hand, is a generally nice person to be around. Except when you call her weird. Then you had better run.

Kat shrugged. "I wanted to try something new. As it turns out, I look nice it black. Well, maybe better if I match it with pink." She fingered the hem of her dress absentmindedly.

"Oh, well, I'm just so glad you're here! Let's go!" I dragged her, Victoria, and Tirza towards the theater, only stopping once in a while to answer some questions from the reporters.

Chapter 4

I Was a Normal Girl, But Now I'm a Movie Star <4>

Chapter Numero 4

"Who doesn't long for, someone to hollllllllllld who knoooooooooows how ta love Yoou without being toooollllld!" Kat sang.

"Shut up, you're making my ears bleed!" I yelled. We were singing karaoke at my apartment and Kat was hogging the mike.

"DA DA DADADADA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA-" I answered my phone to an unknown number.

"Hello?"

"He-he-heyyyy wazzuppp Ma-ma-BUURRRRRRRRRRP! HAHAHA! I burppededed, Marie!" I loopy voice giggled.

"Spencer?" I asked incredulously.

"Hey guess what? I HAVE TOES! Can you believe it? Lemme count 'em. One. Two. Four. WHOOPS! I skipped number eight!"

I put my phone over the microphone and hissed at Kat, "It's Spencer, and I think he's drunk off his ass!" She rolled her eyes.

"Come on, let's go be designated drivers." She grabbed her purse.

"Okay, Spencer," I said slowly. "We are coming to get yu. Do us a favor and try not to rape someone, okay?"

"Kk, Baby," He slurred. I sighed an hung up the phone.

"That asshole is gonna get arrested." I told Kat.

"I think he's at Henry's nephew's place. I hear he was having a party." She ignored my commenting on Spencer's criminal record.

"Doesn't he have a party like, every night?" I asked.

"I think so," Kat replied, only half paying attention. She wass digging around in her impossibly large hanbag. SHe finally pulled out a small vial of a suspicious liquid and transferred it to her purse. "Okay, got it. My special homemade scent."

I giggle. "What, are you going to use it to wake him up if he passes out?" SHe nodded, unaffected by my sarcasm.

I rolled my eyes an grabbed my keys. "COme on, lets go catch a drunk!" KAt exclaimed. She obviously saw this as an adventure; two friends off to go beat up a fucktard that drank too much.

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you guys to not hurt me. If I don't upload, I'll let Kat draw on my face, and I'll set up a link so you guys can see it. I'm not joking here, so Kat, comment and tell them how serious I am about uploading if I'm gonna let you draw on me. Also, ignore any spelling and/or grammar errors, cuz I'm trying to work on my online course, too.

Seriously begging, Shikha AKA Longtime321

Chapter 5

I Was a Normal Girl, But Now I'm a Movie Star <5>

Chapter 5

Kat and I pulled up at Gary's house and I already saw so many people passed out on the front lawn. Almost immediately, I saw Spencer sitting on the big statue of a horse pretending to be riding it.

"Ride'em cowboy! YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-HHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!!" Then he passed out and slipped off the statue to the ground.

"Idiot," I muttered. I parked the car and we both got out. Kat took out her mysterious liquid and walked over to the snoring moron.

"One whiff of this will wake him right up." She said before ceremoniously dumping the entire container on his face.

Just as promised, Spencer shot upwards coughing and sneezing the stinky stuff out of his nose. "IT BUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNSSS!!!!!!!!" He wailed. I rolled my eyes and pulled him from the ground with a little help from Kat.

"Whoops, I guess I added a little too much pepper." Kat said sheepishly.

I looked at her and shook my head. "You would put pepper in a homemade perfume. What else is in there, Orange juice?" I joked.

Apparently Kat didn't get the joke. "No, of course not! I added apple juice and lemonade. Pfft, orange juice..." She scoffed.

We managed to drag the whimpering freak to my car and dump him in. After about 5 minutes of arguing, I agreed to let him spend the night on my couch.

"If he upchucks on my rug, you're cleaning it up!"

THE NEXT MORNING

I woke up to the golden light filtering through my window, and the sounds of birds chirping and... and... The sound of somebody barfing?!

"Bleh, Ble-ble-BLEH!" Then the smell hit me.

It was like a mixture of barf and a strong floral air freshener, and it was like no other smell I have ever experienced.

'KAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

She came running into my room with thick yellow rubber gloves on, holding a nearly empty bottle of Febreze. When she saw me all tangled up and fuming in my blanket, she busted out laughing.

'Aha, hahahahahah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I glared at her until she shut up and then tried to carefully remove myself from the mass that was my bed sheets. I was successful in getting out, but as soon as I did I tripped over one of the bed sheets that was still tangled around my ankle and fell flat on my face.

"HAhahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!" Kat was literally rolling around on the floor laughing her butt off.

"Oh SHUT UP!" I screamed. She immediately stopped, looked up at me in my Winnie the Pooh jammies (yes, I refer to them as 'jammies'), and started laughing all over again. I threw my pillow at her head and stalked out yelling "I'm going for a walk! If I come back and my house still smells like a dump and that prick is still here, somebody dies! And it's not going to be ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I grabbed my jacket at the door and walked out.

I live in a gated community built specifically for famous people. There's no way the paparazzi are getting in, and it's actually a pretty decent place to be. There's even a little park for us to walk in; my destination right now.

The reason I chose my apartment was because 1) It was one of the only places here I could afford, 2) I liked the size, and 3) It near most of the fun places in the community. The park, the pool, the Starbucks, and the gym. I passed the pool while walking to the

little park and saw the kid from all those funny commercials swimming around.

The park was one of those ones where there's a soccer field, tennis courts, and a bunch of benches surrounding this big fountain of a couple fishes spitting water. Lovely.

I walked around a little to see what Stars I could pick out. So far I've spotted the Robert Pattinson, Kristin Stewart, and Taylor Lautner playing a game of tennis, and Billy Ray Cyrus walking the dog from Marley and Me. (all made up, couldn't think of better examples).

The highlight of all that was getting to see Tokio Hotel flying some kites. SWOON and a Girlish Fan Scream for Kat.

After that, I sat down on a bench to just relax for a couple minutes to think of what I could do. I had just decided to get up and go home for more appropriate clothes when somebody sat down next to me.

"Hey," It was Austin Williams, an emo guy in a rock band.

"Hi," I said back. He looked down at my jammies (don't laugh).

"Nice jammies," he commented with a chuckle.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed before realizing he was joking. I smacked his arm and said, "Don't diss the Pooh." He hung his head in mock shame.

"Terribly sorry, Ma'am," He tipped an imaginary hat to me and I laughed. I looked down at his red shirt and jeans trying to find some way of teasing him, but I have to admit that he was just too hot.

"So, I hear you're working with Spencer Sheldon on a movie." He said, noticing my scrutiny. He grimaced. "I feel for you,"

"Yeah, the idiot was drunk last night. Guess who he decided to call to pick him up?" I rolled my eyes.

"Yeah, I hate when I have to drive Lindsey and Vanessa home from a party." Lindsey was his sister, the lead singer in his band, Knifed. Vanessa is the other guitarist, and Austin was the main guitarist.

"Ah, the great Lindsey Williams and Vanessa Love. I love your band, by the way." I told him with utter honesty. "Fake It was my theme song last year. No joke,"

He laughed. "Well, it's great to meet a fan. So, Miss Marie, would you care to come on a coffee date with me?" He asked, standing up and holding out his hand.

I took his hand and got up. "I would love to." Austin was really sweet, sweeter than you would expect a rocker to be. He obviously wasn't a stoner, and he cared for his sister. He was funny and hot, and truly amazing.

"So, Marie, what do you think of Hollywood?" Austin asked, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Nothing like I expected it to be. The guys aren't all snots, actually." I looked at him meaningfully and he smirked.

"So, what heartthrob have you got your eye on? For the sake of your innocence, please let it not be Spencer.

I shivered at the thought. "Gross, that's just sickening." I gagged just for effect. Then you know what I did? I sneezed.

"Bless you." Austin chuckled at my blushing face. I gagged just for effect. Then you know what I did? I sneezed.

"Bless you." Austin chuckled at my blushing face. That was when I realized I was still holding his hand. I quickly released it, but he just took my hand again. "Hey, who said you could let go?" I blushed deeper and changed the subject.

"Hey, look, Starbucks! Let's get some of that coffee you were talking about. I ran inside before he could answer.

I went up to the cashier and said "One Grande Chai Latte and," I looked back at Austin, who had just come through the door.

"Oh, what she's having." He replied.

The cashier nodded. "Two Grande Chai lattes, coming right up." He said in a bored voice, as if serving

Famous people was no big deal. Which, of course it wasn't. We're normal enough.

Austin and I sat down at the nearest table to wait for our coffee. "So Winnie, what's it like in the forest?" He joked. I giggled a little and rolled my eyes. "Seriously, though. Where do you come from?"

"A little town in New Hampshire. It's nothing like LA. I had enough friends, and I and my twin brother got along great. His friends were mine, mine were his. I just wanted to get out of New Hampshire, and out into the world. I can't wait till they come. Henry promised to fly them out for the premiere of the movie. What's your story?"

He sighed. "To tell you the truth, I don't want to be in a band all my life and let that be the only thing I'm remembered for. I'm only in Knifed for college funds. I'm going to the University of Florida. Being a Gator has always been my dream." I stared at him in amazement.

"Wow, me too! I love UF." I said. It's true, that's the college of my dreams. "I like the Vet program there."

"Me, too!" He said. Wow, we had a lot in common. We got our coffee and talked some more, but then Austin had to leave for rehearsal.

"I wish we could talk some more. Hey, I was wondering if you wanted to go to the movies with me." He asked, almost nervously.

"Of course! How about later tonight at community Theater? I'll meet you at seven?" I asked.

"That's perfect! Here's my number," He scrawled some digits onto a sheet of paper. "Call me before you leave, OK?" He insisted on paying for my coffee and then left. I walked back home hoping that Spencer was out of my place. I checked the watch on my wrist. Well, he should be gone. I've been gone for over an hour.

I opened the door of my apartment and was glad when the only thing I smelled was cookies baking in my kitchen. Yummmm, I love Kat's homemade chocolate chip cookies. I tried getting the recipe from her before, but all she said was that she baked them with love.

"Is he gone?" I yelled.

"Yeah!" Kat yelled back. I sighed in relief and hung up mh jacket. I took out my phone and programmed Austin's number in and sent him a text.

/Hey, it's Marie/

Almost immediately I got a text back.

\Cool :)\

I walked into the kitchen and tried grabbing a cookie from a big platter Kat was decorating, but she slapped my hand away.

"Wait till I'm done!" She hissed.

"Fine, then I won't tell you who I have a date with later!" I teased. She shoved a cookie at me with excited eyes and gestured for me to go on. "Cookie! It's Austin Williams." I took a big bite and sighed with content. "Mitts freely fro." I mumbled incoherently. What I meant to sat was 'It's really good.' Kat ignored me, as usual, and started doing a happy dance, which consisted of her twirling around in circles till she was dizzy and going, "WOOOOOOOO!" I laughed and

stole a couple more cookies before racing to my room.

Kat, being the fast person she was, caught up with me and ran into my room, no doubt trying to find a suitable outfit for me to wear.

"So where's the date?" She asked me. Oh, boy, here comes the interview session.

"The movies." Now she's going to ask how we met.

"How'd you guys meet?" What'd I tell you?

"We met while I was at the park, and then we went to Starbucks. Yes, he gave me his number." I said before she could ask. She nodded.

"Ok, I know the signs, and this means that if this date goes badly, your relationship is screwed. So, I'm picking out your clothes." Since arguing with Kat was a lost cause, I just agreed. Besides, Kat was an expert at this stuff. Her boyfriend back in New Hampshire was proof of this. They've been together since freshman year.

After about an hour of forcing me to wear different outfits, Kat finally picked one.

"Perfect!" She said, holding up a red blouse, dark jeans, and her silver sandals. "It says 'I'm being casual, but I'm still flirting.'" I had to laugh at that, but I did agree that it was perfect.

*Okay, this was six pages on Word, so suck it up if it's not that long on here. I'm feeling accomplished right now, so I decided to just post a short story I wrote exactly one year ago in New Jersey. It's kinda sappy and not really good, but I want to see what everybody thinks of it. Also to Kat: Sorry, no Kaulitz on my face! Hahahahahaha Oh, and I'm also sorry about how different your character is from you.

Things I did while writing this:

I listened to:

99 Times- Kate Voegele

Paparazzi- Lady GaGa

Sang Along With (Badly and off-key):

6 Months- Hey Monday

Gravity - Sara Bareilles

Ignorance- Paramore

Weightless- All Time Low

How You Love Me Now- Hey Monday

Things I ate:

A steak

Times I went crazy with ideas, then forgot them: I forget, but more than 5 times

It was a cold, snowy winter day. I stared at the spot where I last saw my mother walk away, telling me she would be back soon with food. That had been several days ago. The layers of cold snow were slowly building up around me like four walls trapping me in. I tried licking my paws to warm them up, but my saliva just froze and made me even colder. With each minute of lying still and nearly invisible, I was growing stiffer with frost. Even though it helped me stay camouflaged, keeping still like Mother told me to was making me stiff and icy.

I had given up hope of my mother coming back a while ago. I think it was yesterday? It was hard to keep track of time in my frozen state. Questions kept popping up in my head: How will I get food? How will I move? Will I even survive the night?

Crunch, crunch. I froze with fear, eyes wide open and a startled cry escaping my throat.

"Hey, look, Mommy! It's a little kitty!" I heard a sharp and high-pitched voice shout. A human started running towards me, but all I saw was big boots stomping at me. I crawled farther back into the hole Mother had dug out for me to lie in while she hunted.

The human was big, but smaller than most. I decided that this was what my mother called a human 'child'. The child reached into my hole and grabbed me. It started dragging me out, but stopped when the bigger human yelled at it. It looked like Mother's description of a human 'Adult'.

Though the child frightened me, it did shake off most of the ice around me. I could now move more freely.

It was getting darker out. I heard wolves in the forest howling, and the soft rustling of nighttime creatures out and about.

I whimpered and shook. Now that the ice wasn't hiding my scent, I would be prey to animals that could find me easily. I wish I was home.

"Here, kitty," A voice whispered. At the time, I didn't understand the words, but the voice soothed me nonetheless. I peeked out my hole and saw another human looking at me. It wasn't big, but it wasn't small. I think Mother would have called this one a 'teenager'.

She held a hand out to me. I sensed the heat coming from it. She was so warm, much warmer than my surroundings. I couldn't help but cuddle my face into her palm and purr with content.

"Hi sweetie, do you want to come home with me?" I seemed to understand faintly. I hopped into her lap and meowed my permission for her to pick me up. "Aw, you're so little!" She whispered.

I wouldn't have thought so before then, but I knew I was at home with this human. There was nothing seemingly wrong with her, and my instincts were correct. As she carried me to her home, now my home, I looked into the sky and saw something amazing.

It was a jolly fat guy in a sleigh being pulled by flying reindeer. He waved at me and smiled. I somehow knew he was the one who brought the girl to me. I silently thanked him as he disappeared into the night.

Chapter 6

I Was a Normal Girl, But Now I'm a Movie Star <6>

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*Okay, I just had yet another interesting conversation with Kat about my new chapter. She said, and I quote, "Love grows in the pants, my friend." When I asked her if she was mad about how different her character is from herself. She should seriously become a writer. She is hilarious, and tell me you didn't at least smile at the love comment!

This is where I would tell you to vote and/or comment, but I really don't give a ship what you do.

Enjoy, or die. Just kidding! (Or am I)*

Chapter 6

I brushed my teeth before putting on my outfit for the evening. I even tried practicing my 'gliding'. It's where I try and walk as slowly and gracefully as I can without making a single noise.

I glided into my living room and saw Kat sitting on the couch with her back towards me. I couldn't exactly see what she was doing, but I could hear her arguing with somebody.

"Yes, I was at the location at 2353 hours last night. No, I did not see the subject. Because, I was a little preoccupied trying to hold on to my cover! No, she does not suspect anything, but don't you think she would have found it strange that I venture inside the location while she handled Mr. Sheldon out front? Sir, I have gotten some evidence that the subject has indeed been involved with the- Sir, I must be going. Yes, I will have the report fully drawn up by 1200 hours tomorrow. Over and Out." I had gotten close enough to her to see that w=she was talking into the hot pink watch on her wrist. Without turning around, she spoke to me. "Marie, you should not have been eavesdropping."

She no longer sounded like my best friend. Kat spoke like a robot, like she was trained to have a flat voice.

"I'm truly sorry to have kept this from you, and now I believe is the time to reveal the truth to you." She took a deep breath. I started to worry. I've never in my entire life seen anybody look so serious.

"Marie, many years ago I went to this boarding school my mother had gone to. She was insistent that I spend my elementary years there, and I knew there was something about that place that scared me. Something about the McGregor Academy of Exceptional Students that made me want to run. Immediately upon arrival, they told me that MAES was not a boarding school for smart kids; it was a training facility for undercover agents.

"They gave me a choice: stay and train, or leave and never remember the secrets that lay behind the school's exterior. I decided to stay." She looked at me with pained eyes. I still hadn't comprehended what she was saying.

"S- So that means you're a... a... a...." I couldn't finish that impossible sentence.

"Mare, I'm a spy for MAES."

OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! Did not see that coming, did ya? HAHA, more in the next chapter.

Chapter 7

I Was a Normal Girl, But Now I'm a Movie Star (7)

Okay, guys! Chapter 7 is here, sorry for the lack of action in this boring chapter. (PS, Kat you will hate it) So, um, enjoy, i guess? Oh, and check out the new story I wrote and posted and tell me if you want me to continue it or not...

...Chapter 7...

"No," I refused to believe her. I've known Kat since freshman year, she is not a spy!

"I'm sorry, but it's true. Every high school in the United States has at least two MAES Agents positioned there for safety concerning students. I

came with my partner, the person I was just speaking to."

"Who is your partner? Do I know him?"

"Yes, you do. It's Christy's brother, Chris." She said carefully, glancing sideways at me to see my reaction.

I swallowed. "Does Christy know?" I really hope not. It would really suck if one of my best friend had been keeping such a big secret from all of us.

"No, she thinks he went to some big boarding school in Europe while he was at the Academy training. He wasn't really cut out for undercover work, but he's a genius so now he's a squint."

"So... When you guys dated..."

"Cover story, obviously." She rolled her eyes then stood up abruptly. "I almost forgot! The Gang wanted me to give you something." She ran out of the room, and then came running back in holding a small bag.

"Here, it's mostly from Chris and your brother, but Christy designed the frame, Addy took the picture and got the.... Costumes, and I forced the guys to

wear them." She babbled as I pulled a ton of tissue paper out of the bag. I pulled out a little picture frame and took a look at the picture.

"What the hell?!" It was a photo of Chris and my twin brother, Evan (remember them?) wearing bikinis and Addy, Kat, and Christy making funny faces in the background. I burst out laughing and so did Kat.

"We thought of it as a Don't-Ever-Forget-Us present. You know, so you won't ever forget us and our silly antics." Kat explained with a smile on her face. I hugged her tight.

"Thank you so much! Oh, I wish the rest of the Gang were here!" I sighed. They are the only part of home I really miss.

Kat grinned a little grin she always gave when she was super excited. "That's part of my gift to you."

She walked over to my home computer and started pulling up windows and setting up a webcam that looked really high-tech. "Okay, so Chris agreed to let me bring along one of his HD Webcam recorders and set one up at his house so we could communicate. I

was reporting to him yesterday and I got the idea of having him set up a two-way and having everyone go over to his house and talk to us. I know you have to leave in approximately," She glanced at her watch. "Half an hour, but if you could spare time to talk to your old buddies back home-"

"Shut up and show me how to turn on the dang webcam!" I yelled.

"Okay, okay! Just one minute and..." She typed a coded message on the keyboard and clicked the 'On' button. "There!" A little window popped up and Kat maximized it to Full Screen, and let me tell you, I have a big computer screen.

Somebody was obviously standing directly in front of the camera, because all I could see was a very familiar Bullet for my Valentine T-shirt. "Chris!" I screamed into my microphone.

"Shhhh.... The neighbors might start to think you're a slut!" I heard Christy say in the background.

"Oh, my gosh, guys! It's so great to see you! How's everything back home?" I asked.

"Bumblebee!" I heard a chorus of voices yell. They came up with that nickname to try and annoy me about my first name, but I actually kind of like it. It's my favorite form of Beatrice.

"She's got a date tonight." Kat said before I could respond to their excitement.

"Wait, wait, wait! A date with who?" Uh oh, time for Evan to play the protective older brother.

"Oh, shut up Ev, it's none of your beeswax!" I stuck my tongue out at him.

"But it's ours," Addy and Christy chimed in. I noticed Addy and Evan were sitting next to each other and trying so hard not to touch.

I looked straight at Addy (and hoped she could see that) and asked her, "I'll tell you when you tell me."

Addy and Evan blushed deep red and gave up on avoiding physical contact, settling on holding hands.

"We were going to tell you." Addy assured me. "It just kind of.... Happened."

"No changing the subject! Who's the jerk that wants to get in my sister's pants???" Evan was obviously desperate to get out of the spotlight.

"Relax, Bikini Boy, it's Austin Williams." Christy gasped and jumped at the camera.

"A-Austin Williams as in Knifed???????" Christy was a huge fan, but not one of those fans that liked the lead singer or hot guitarist. She was IN LOVE with the drummer, Stan. "You have to get me Stan's autograph!"

"Chill, Bill, consider it done."

"Like you and Austin," I heard Evan mutter. Addy smacked him upside the head, earning a smile from me.

"Hey, I believe it's my turn to distribute gifts." I smiled at them and pulled four envelopes from my handbag. "I was going to mail these out tomorrow morning, care for a sneak preview?" I pulled a ticket out of one envelope, the one addressed to Evan. "Each of these envelopes contains a plane ticket to Hollywood. You guys are coming for my movie

premiere." They all cheered and danced around. I laughed. "Well, sorry to go so soon, but I have a date. Love you guys!"

"Love ya Bumblebee!"

I switched off the camera and grabbed my bag. "Okay, Kat, bye!"

"Why are you saying goodbye?" She asked. I grabbed my key off the counter and opened the door.

"Kat, I love you, but you aren't coming with me."

"Of course I am, you just won't see me." She winked and walked out the door.

Chapter 8

I Was a Normal Girl, But Now I'm a Movie Star (8)

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*THANK YOU to my marvelous (that a big enough word for ya?) editor, Kat! Even though she criticized everything in this chapter, she's still the bestest editor ever! Also, most of the big words (They will be *ed) are courtesy of her. Enjoy, AND READ THE BOTTOM NOTE!*

Chapter 8

I crossed my legs again and switched iPod playlists for a third time. I'd been waiting on this one filthy* park bench for over an hour. I knew for a fact that Kat was nearby somewhere watching me vigilantly*

for me to get up, but I refused to believe Austin would ditch me for any reason.

The birds were singing, the movie stars were shining, and the sun was just starting to set on another seemingly perfect day. How atrocious.

I shut my watery eyes for a moment to think, and heard the bench creak as it felt the weight of a person sitting down. I cracked open an eye, hoping to find Kat, but no such luck. I get Jerk Face.

"Sup, girl," Spencer drawled. His hair was falling in his eyes as he attempted to push it back.

"Go to Czechoslovak!" I spit, choking back tears.

"Okay, I have no idea where that is. So, I guess I'll just have to stay here and ask you what's wrong." He sighed dramatically. I shifted away from him and blasted an annoying happy song in my ear.

I felt one of the headphones being tugged from my ear. "Eww, you listen to We the Kings?" Spencer twisted his face into weird form of a grimace.

"You know, when you can name a band just by listening to one of their songs, it means you're a fan." I retorted.

"Touché," He smirked. "So I'm a fan, sue me."

"I think I will." I stood up and began pacing away from him and the bench. Spencer called after me, though.

"What do you want now?" I snarled.

"Jeez, Louise, I was wondering, you know since we're already here, if you wanted to go see a movie." He blurted, averting his eyes.

I tapped my foot, humming as if I was pondering it. "Can I choose the movie?" I finally asked.

"Sure, but I can't promise I'll like it." He agreed.

"Great, Valentine's Day it is!" I snickered. He groaned and dragged his feet into the theater reluctantly.

In this community, you don't have to pay for tickets, but you do have to pay for food. I made Spencer pay for popcorn and soda.

I was having so much fun watching Spencer twitch in the theater. He even tossed popcorn at the screen once, but stopped after Alex Gaskarth slung his M&M's at him.

"That was torture!" Spencer complained as we exited the theater.

"That's the point! I enjoy watching you writhe in discomfort." I grinned like the Cheshire Cat. You know, I almost forgot all about... Never mind.

"Dude, you're spacing out." Spencer said. Oops.

"My bad," I said sheepishly.

Spencer walked me home, only speaking once or twice to comment on the weather. It was dark now, and this time the actual stars shone bright in the dark sky. The moon cast shadows through the darkness and a streetlamp flickered spontaneously on a street corner.

"You know, you don't have to walk me home," I reminded him.

"Of course I do. You know, I heard Tom Kaulitz enjoys walking around at this time of night." He wiggled his eyebrows.

I giggled as if I had swallowed laughing gas. Awkwardly, I cut off the giggle and turned it into a sort of strangled cough.

"You okay?" He inquired.

"Oh, yeah I'm fine. Just... Dandy," I muttered. God, what the heck is wrong with me?

We finally stopped in front of my apartment building. "Uh, well g-good night," I stuttered.

"Wait, you never did tell me why you were out on that bench tonight..." He trailed off.

I sighed. "I got stood up. Good night," I said, and left. In a reflection from the glass doors leading into the apartment building, Spencer stared after me.

*OKAY! Well, this chapter actually ended VERY differently in the first draft of it *winkwink*, but I like it better this way. Well, I'm planning on finishing this story by the time I go on my school's 8th grade

field trip to Washington, DC, which is during Spring Break.

Again, thank you to Kat for editing (very well, by the way). Also, the reason I changed the ending is because those kinds of scene are always very awkward for me to write (not THOSE kinds of scenes, you disgusting little creepos). I'll try to fine tune my writing skills in that department, but until then, no PG-ness! LATER!*

Chapter 9

The Disadvantages of Stardom *FULL STORY*

Okay, this is it! The whole story from start to finish! I apologize for some of the chapters I didn't get time to edit, so bear with me please!

Chapter 1

I shifted again and straightened my back for what seemed like the umpteenth time today. I couldn't help it, though. I was so completely nervous to be auditioning for the lead role in a Henry Marx film, "the Ghost of My Love", opposite the role of Hollywood Heartthrob, Spencer Sheldon.

"Beatrice Marie Lockhart." The director called out my full name. I winced, partly from being called 'Beatrice', and partly because I'm nervous.

I'd seen the girls auditioning before me. They were all only there for Spencer. The airheads were all staring at him like he was some Sensei of hotness. It's almost like the Women's Rights movement never happened!

"Call me Marie, please." I insisted, speaking directly to the director, Henry Marx. My whole career was in his hands. He nodded and poised his pen ready for note-taking.

Spencer was the one who was reciting the lines so the girls auditioning could act. He started his lines. "Alice, why are you afraid? Is it because of our parents? I don't care what they think. Is it what our friends will think? What's wrong?" Wow. He is good. He was staring at me with such intensity I almost had to look away. Almost.

"Eric, you have to stay away from me. I'm no good for you!" I poured my whole soul into my character. I let

the fake tears come to my eyes as I pushed away his reaching hands.

I looked past his shoulders at the wall behind him and widened my eyes dramatically.

"They're here." I whispered.

"Cut!" Henry yelled. I looked at him and smiled when I saw the hope in his eyes after that long day of rejecting desperate girls with horrible acting skills.

"We'll call you when we pick, but I'd say you're a shoo-in for the part. Have a great day!" He said.

I turned and walked, more like skipped, out of the room. I felt somebody staring at me as I left, and I glanced behind me before stepping out. It was Spencer. He had this weird look on his face like he was confused.

Sighs. My future will be decided in the next week.

Next Week

I was sitting at my lunch table in the cafeteria at school, surrounded by my closest friends, my twin brother and his friends, and that creepy girl that's

been hanging all over him since he got on the football team. Airhead x10.

I was debating with my friend, Christy, about who would look better in a bikini: my brother or hers. I was saying hers, she was saying mine.

"Oh, come on! Evan totally has the abs for it, I mean have you seen my brother's pecks? GAG!" Christy gagged dramatically.

"Oh, how I love my sister." Chris said sarcastically.

"Well, wouldn't Chris' flabby pecks just fill in the bikini more? That means he'd look hot in one." I retorted.

My brother, Evan, buried his head in his hands, embarrassed.

"Well, there's only one way to find out," Christy smiled evil and looked at the guys.

Evan and Chris exchanged a tortured glance and said "No!" together. Christy and I sighed.

"Fine." we grumbled.

"So, Mare, have you gotten the call about--" RING! My text-tone interrupted another one of my friends, Addy.

"Sorry," I apoligized, and looked at the screen on my cell. Hmmm. Unknown number.

I flipped open my Razr and read the message, eyes growing bigger.

"What?" Just about everybody at the table asked.

"I got the part." I said quietly. "I got the part! I'm going to be in the Ghost of My Love!" I screamed. I guess the entire room must have heard, because suddenly everybody was screaming like crazy and hugging me and congratulating me. They must have heard about my audition last week.

When the excitement died down, Addy asked me, "Wait, why did they text you?"

"They know I'm in school and didn't want to interrupt me. They said to call back ASAP." I replied.

"THEN CALL THEM BACK!" Everybody screamed at me. Ow!

"Okay! Hush! See? I'm dialing." I rolled my eyes. They were more thrilled than me.

"Hello?" I heard the English accent of Henry Marx.

"Hey, it's Marie." I said as calmly as I could.

"Oh, hello, dear. I see you got my message."

"Yup." so we talked a little bit about what was going to happened, and I mentioned that about 100 of my classmates and teachers were listening in so he got to know a little bit more about me. Meaning people yelled out random compliments about me.

"Well, ok, I guess you get everything now, so see you on Monday! Ta ta!" Not only did he get to know about me, I got to know some things about him. Like how he says things like 'Ta ta!'

Monday my life changes forever.

That's all I could think until Sunday morning when I was saying goodbye to everybody. My three BFF's, Christy, Addy, and Kat were hugging me every three seconds.

"Guys, I promise I'll fly you guys out for the premiere," I said.

"We'll miss you!" They screamed through their cupped hands as I boarded the plane. I waved goodbye and walked into my destiny.... Well, into my seat in coach.

Chapter 2

Los Angeles is amazing. I saw this sign in the airport that said Los Angeles' full name and it took about 5 minutes to read it. Well, that's a bit of an exaggeration, but whatever.

So, the studio sent a limo to pick me up. Back where I come from, they don't even have linos! After gazing in awe for about 10 minutes, I entered and looked around. I felt a bit overwhelmed by all the glamour that surrounded me, especially since I grew up in Tiny Town.

Dark interior leather, tinted windows, and even a mini bar! I sat on the seat and looked around.

"It's amazing, isn't it?" a voice said from the front end of the seat. I jumped about a foot in the air.

"Sorry!" the girl apologized. She had dark hair with blonde highlights and she looked really pretty. She stuck out her hand. "I'm Victoria. I'll be your assistant for the duration of the movie."

"Oh, ok. I'm Marie. It's nice to meet you." I said, shaking her hand. "So, are we going straight to my place?"

Victoria glanced at a clipboard on her lap and said, "Uh, no. We are going to pick up Spencer Sheldon, then going to talk to Henry about the movie."

I nodded. "Ok. Hey, can I call you Vicki?" I asked. She nodded.

"So, Vicki, tell me about you." I said. She looked taken aback. "What?" I inquired.

"Oh, it's just that most actresses' I've worked with mostly want to talk about themselves, and not to be rude or anything, I've only met 2 that aren't stuck-up little snoots." She giggled and I joined her.

We talked a little bit about ourselves, taking turns. Guess what? Two hours and I've already got a new friend. I found out that what Vicki really wants in the

show business is to be behind the camera. Being an Actresses assistant is only a way to make it to the top. She's only my age, she just graduated early and went to college for a year.

Turns out those 2 non-snoot actresses are going to be in the movie, as two of the lead role's enemies. The movie is called the Ghost of My Love and is sort of like a sixth-sense type movie. The lead role, Alice (me), can see ghosts and spirits of the dead. This ruins her life and she is a social outcast. Then comes along playboy Eric Turner (Spencer) and they fall in love. But when the spirits find out he knows about her sense, they try to kill him! Heave. I read through the script, and surprise, surprise! Eric somehow gets the sense, too and the spirits leave him alone. Happily ever after, the whole sha-bang.

I also read that I have to kiss him like 12 times. Barf. I can just see the look on his arrogant face when we rehearse.

Anyways, after we were done talking, we turned up the radio and it was playing "Evacuate the Dance Floor" by CASCADA.

Vicki and I were singing at the top of our lungs. "WHOA, WHOA! EVACUATE THE DANCE FLOOR! WHOA, WHOA! I'M INFECTED BY THE SOUND! WHOA, WHOA! STOP THIS BEAT IS KILLING ME!" We were having so much fun we didn't even notice when the limo stopped and Spencer hopped in from wherever we were.

He shut off the radio and Vicki and I frowned at him. "What?" he asked.

"We were listening to that!" I yelled at him. He looked kind of annoyed.

"Can you stop yelling? God, I have a headache, no thanks to you." He groaned.

"Well, maybe if you weren't such an alcoholic, then you wouldn't have such a hangover!" I shouted as loud I could in his ear, just to annoy him.

"Okay, point taken! So, just leave me alone!" He screeched back.

Vicki had her hands over her ears. "God, have a scream fest, why don't you?" she complained.

"Oh, hi .... um..... Patricia?" Spencer said, finally noticing her presence.

Vicki and I exchanged glances and nodded. "It's Victoria!" We both screamed.

He fell over on the seat and buried his head in his arms. "Ugggghhh..."

Chapter 3

WHOO! First day of rehearsals. Henry decided to start from the scene where Alice and Eric first catch each other's eyes from across the school patio and there's a spark.

"Hey, I'm Eric." Spencer said. I blinked up at him from the table I was sitting at whilst reading a book.

"Alice." I looked down at my book and started 'reading' again. I then proceeded to look up and widen my eyes a little bit at the sight of Tirza, my costar, who is playing one of my character's Ghostly Godsisters, Alicia Meeks. She was pale from the makeup, and had purplish shadows under her eyes like a ghost.

Tirza gestured for 'Alice' to follow her out of the room. I stood up. "I have to go." I muttered, and ran off set, making it look like I ran off of the patio.

"CUT!" Henry yelled. "Great stuff, jolly good." I rolled my eyes. "Ok, I think that's enough rehearsal for today. Oh, Marie? Are you ready for tonight?"

Tonight is my very first outing as a movie star. We're all going to the premiere of that new movie that is really only going to be popular because it has all those really hot actors in it.

"Yeah, I have my dress and everything." I replied. He nodded.

"Hey, Mare, are you coming in our limo?" Tirza asked me.

"Um, sure, if you want me to."

"Of course I do! We'll pick you up from your hotel at 7, 'Kay?"

"Okie Dokie!"

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~~~

"Oh, yeah!"

"Robert Pattinson hot, or Taylor Lautner hot?"

"Definitely Taylor Lautner hot!"

I laughed at their insanity. They've been talking about Tirza's new boyfriend since I entered the limo. Which was half an hour ago. Can you feel my pain?

"Did he give you that necklace?" Victoria pointed to the shark-tooth necklace around Tirza's neck.

Tirza nodded. "You know, that thing could kill you. It could come to life at night and stab your windpipe." I said matter-of-factly. Tirza rolled her eyes and went back to her 'super interesting' conversation with Victoria. When we got to the premiere, I was relieved to be out of the limo. I was about to snap.

"Hey Mare, we have a surprise for you." Tirza said when she and Victoria stepped out of the limo and onto the red carpet that led to the entrance to the theater. I gave her a questioning look.

A pair of small hands covered my eyes from behind me. "Guess who?" A very familiar voice asked.

"KAT! What are you doing here?" I whirled around and hugged my best friend.

She laughed. "Buying a designer handbag, what do you think I'm doing here, Dingdong? I'm here to see you!"

"Yay! When did you get here? For how long are you here? Are you coming inside with us? Is everything okay back home? Am I being Punked? Everything is fine, right? I mean, look at you, you're not wearing pink!" I looked down at her black dress and my eyes widened. "That's black." I said flatly.

You see, Kat is a pink person. No, she does not wear it ironically (sorry, Kat), but she wears it like a girl like her would wear it. She's perky and full of 'School spirit', but she draws the line at cheerleading. Kat says, and I quote, "Cheerleading is a competition in school spirit, and true school spirit is not a competitive thing. I hate cheerleaders." When she says cheerleaders, she means the one at our school. They live and breathe mean. Kat, on the other hand, is a generally nice person to be around. Except when you call her weird. Then you had better run.

Kat shrugged. "I wanted to try something new. As it turns out, I look nice it black. Well, maybe better if I match it with pink." She fingered the hem of her dress absentmindedly.

"Oh, well, I'm just so glad you're here! Let's go!" I dragged her, Victoria, and Tirza towards the theater, only stopping once in a while to answer some questions from the reporters.

Chapter 4

"Who doesn't long for, someone to hollllllllllld who knoooooooows how ta love Yoou without being toooollllld!" Kat sang.

"Shut up, you're making my ears bleed!" I yelled. We were singing karaoke at my apartment and Kat was hogging the mike.

"DA DA DADADADA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA-" I answered my phone to an unknown number.

"Hello?"

"He-he-heyyyy wazzuppp Ma-ma-BUURRRRRRRRRRP! HAHAHA! I burppededed, Marie!" A loopy voice giggled.

"Spencer?" I asked incredulously.

"Hey guess what? I HAVE TOES! Can you believe it? Lemme count 'em. One. Two. Four. WHOOPS! I skipped number eight!"

I put my phone over the microphone and hissed at Kat, "It's Spencer, and I think he's drunk off his ass!" She rolled her eyes.

"Come on, let's go be designated drivers." She grabbed her purse.

"Okay, Spencer," I said slowly. "We are coming to get you. Do us a favor and try not to rape someone, okay?"

"Kk, Baby," He slurred. I sighed and hung up the phone.

"That asshole is gonna get arrested." I told Kat.

"I think he's at Henry's nephew's place. I hear he was having a party." She ignored my commenting on Spencer's criminal record.

"Doesn't Harry have a party like, every night?" I asked.

"I think so," Kat replied, only half paying attention. She was digging around in her impossibly large handbag. She finally pulled out a small vial of a suspicious liquid and transferred it to her purse. "Okay, got it. My special homemade scent."

I giggle. "What, are you going to use it to wake him up if he passes out?" She nodded, unaffected by my sarcasm.

I rolled my eyes and grabbed my keys. "Come on, let's go catch a drunk!" Kat exclaimed. She obviously saw this as an adventure; two friends off to go beat up a loser that drank too much.

Chapter 5

Kat and I pulled up at Gary's house and I already saw so many people passed out on the front lawn. Almost

immediately, I saw Spencer sitting on the big statue of a horse pretending to be riding it.

"Ride'em cowboy! YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-HHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!!" Then he passed out and slipped off the statue to the ground.

"Idiot," I muttered. I parked the car and we both got out. Kat took out her mysterious liquid and walked over to the snoring moron.

"One whiff of this will wake him right up." She said before ceremoniously dumping the entire container on his face.

Just as promised, Spencer shot upwards coughing and sneezing the stinky stuff out of his nose. "IT BUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNSSS!!!!!!!!" He wailed. I rolled my eyes and pulled him from the ground with a little help from Kat.

"Whoops, I guess I added a little too much pepper." Kat said sheepishly.

I looked at her and shook my head. "You would put pepper in a homemade perfume. What else is in there, Orange juice?" I joked.

Apparently Kat didn't get the joke. "No, of course not! I added apple juice and lemonade. Pfft, orange juice..." She scoffed.

We managed to drag the whimpering freak to my car and dump him in. After about 5 minutes of arguing, I agreed to let him spend the night on my couch.

"If he upchucks on my rug, you're cleaning it up!"

THE NEXT MORNING

I woke up to the golden light filtering through my window, and the sounds of birds chirping and... and... The sound of somebody barfing?!

"Bleh, Ble-ble-BLEH!" Then the smell hit me.

It was like a mixture of barf and a strong floral air freshener, and it was like no other smell I have ever experienced.

'KAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

She came running into my room with thick yellow rubber gloves on, holding a nearly empty bottle of

Febreze. When she saw me all tangled up and fuming in my blanket, she busted out laughing.

'Aha, hahahahahah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I glared at her until she shut up and then tried to carefully remove myself from the mass that was my bed sheets. I was successful in getting out, but as soon as I did I tripped over one of the bed sheets that was still tangled around my ankle and fell flat on my face.

"HAhahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!" Kat was literally rolling around on the floor laughing her butt off.

"Oh SHUT UP!" I screamed. She immediately stopped, looked up at me in my Winnie the Pooh jammies (yes, I refer to them as 'jammies'), and started laughing all over again. I threw my pillow at her head and stalked out yelling "I'm going for a walk! If I come back and my house still smells like a dump and that prick is still here, somebody dies! And it's not going to be ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I grabbed my jacket at the door and walked out.

I live in a gated community built specifically for famous people. There's no way the paparazzi are getting in, and it's actually a pretty decent place to be. There's even a little park for us to walk in; my destination right now.

The reason I chose my apartment was because 1) It was one of the only places here I could afford, 2) I liked the size, and 3) It near most of the fun places in the community. The park, the pool, the Starbucks, and the gym. I passed the pool while walking to the little park and saw the kid from all those funny commercials swimming around.

The park was one of those ones where there's a soccer field, tennis courts, and a bunch of benches surrounding this big fountain of a couple fishes spitting water. Lovely.

I walked around a little to see what Stars I could pick out. So far I've spotted the Robert Pattinson, Kristin Stewart, and Taylor Lautner playing a game of tennis, and Billy Ray Cyrus walking the dog from Marley and Me. (all made up, couldn't think of better examples).

The highlight of all that was getting to see Tokio Hotel flying some kites. SWOON and a Girlish Fan Scream for Kat.

After that, I sat down on a bench to just relax for a couple minutes to think of what I could do. I had just decided to get up and go home for more appropriate clothes when somebody sat down next to me.

"Hey," It was Austin Williams, an emo guy in a rock band.

"Hi," I said back. He looked down at my jammies (don't laugh).

"Nice jammies," he commented with a chuckle.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed before realizing he was joking. I smacked his arm and said, "Don't diss the Pooh." He hung his head in mock shame.

"Terribly sorry, Ma'am," He tipped an imaginary hat to me and I laughed. I looked down at his red shirt and jeans trying to find some way of teasing him, but I have to admit that he was just too hot.

"So, I hear you're working with Spencer Sheldon on a movie." He said, noticing my scrutiny. He grimaced. "I feel for you,"

"Yeah, the idiot was drunk last night. Guess who he decided to call to pick him up?" I rolled my eyes.

"Yeah, I hate when I have to drive Lindsey and Vanessa home from a party." Lindsey was his sister, the lead singer in his band, Knifed. Vanessa is the other guitarist, and Austin was the main guitarist.

"Ah, the great Lindsey Williams and Vanessa Love. I love your band, by the way." I told him with utter honesty. "Fake It was my theme song last year. No joke,"

He laughed. "Well, it's great to meet a fan. So, Miss Marie, would you care to come on a coffee date with me?" He asked, standing up and holding out his hand.

I took his hand and got up. "I would love to." Austin was really sweet, sweeter than you would expect a rocker to be. He obviously wasn't a stoner, and he

cared for his sister. He was funny and hot, and truly amazing.

"So, Marie, what do you think of Hollywood?" Austin asked, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Nothing like I expected it to be. The guys aren't all snots, actually." I looked at him meaningfully and he smirked.

"So, what heartthrob have you got your eye on? For the sake of your innocence, please let it not be Spencer.

I shivered at the thought. "Gross, that's just sickening." I gagged just for effect. Then you know what I did? I sneezed.

"Bless you." Austin chuckled at my blushing face. I gagged just for effect. Then you know what I did? I sneezed.

"Bless you." Austin chuckled at my blushing face. That was when I realized I was still holding his hand. I quickly released it, but he just took my hand again. "Hey, who said you could let go?" I blushed deeper and changed the subject.

"Hey, look, Starbucks! Let's get some of that coffee you were talking about. I ran inside before he could answer.

I went up to the cashier and said "One Grande Chai Latte and," I looked back at Austin, who had just come through the door.

"Oh, what she's having." He replied.

The cashier nodded. "Two Grande Chai lattes, coming right up." He said in a bored voice, as if serving Famous people was no big deal. Which, of course it wasn't. We're normal enough.

Austin and I sat down at the nearest table to wait for our coffee. "So Winnie, what's it like in the forest?" He joked. I giggled a little and rolled my eyes. "Seriously, though. Where do you come from?"

"A little town in New Hampshire. It's nothing like LA. I had enough friends, and I and my twin brother got along great. His friends were mine, mine were his. I just wanted to get out of New Hampshire, and out into the world. I can't wait till they come. Henry

promised to fly them out for the premiere of the movie. What's your story?"

He sighed. "To tell you the truth, I don't want to be in a band all my life and let that be the only thing I'm remembered for. I'm only in Knifed for college funds. I'm going to the University of Florida. Being a Gator has always been my dream." I stared at him in amazement.

"Wow, me too! I love UF." I said. It's true, that's the college of my dreams. "I like the Vet program there."

"Me, too!" He said. Wow, we had a lot in common. We got our coffee and talked some more, but then Austin had to leave for rehearsal.

"I wish we could talk some more. Hey, I was wondering if you wanted to go to the movies with me." He asked, almost nervously.

"Of course! How about later tonight at community Theater? I'll meet you at seven?" I asked.

"That's perfect! Here's my number," He scrawled some digits onto a sheet of paper. "Call me before you leave, OK?" He insisted on paying for my coffee and

then left. I walked back home hoping that Spencer was out of my place. I checked the watch on my wrist. Well, he should be gone. I've been gone for over an hour.

I opened the door of my apartment and was glad when the only thing I smelled was cookies baking in my kitchen. Yummmm, I love Kat's homemade chocolate chip cookies. I tried getting the recipe from her before, but all she said was that she baked them with love.

"Is he gone?" I yelled.

"Yeah!" Kat yelled back. I sighed in relief and hung up mh jacket. I took out my phone and programmed Austin's number in and sent him a text.

/Hey, it's Marie/

Almost immediately I got a text back.

\Cool :)\

I walked into the kitchen and tried grabbing a cookie from a big platter Kat was decorating, but she slapped my hand away.

"Wait till I'm done!" She hissed.

"Fine, then I won't tell you who I have a date with later!" I teased. She shoved a cookie at me with excited eyes and gestured for me to go on. "Cookie! It's Austin Williams." I took a big bite and sighed with content. "Mitts freely fro." I mumbled incoherently. What I meant to sat was 'It's really good.' Kat ignored me, as usual, and started doing a happy dance, which consisted of her twirling around in circles till she was dizzy and going, "WOOOOOOOO!" I laughed and stole a couple more cookies before racing to my room.

Kat, being the fast person she was, caught up with me and ran into my room, no doubt trying to find a suitable outfit for me to wear.

"So where's the date?" She asked me. Oh, boy, here comes the interview session.

"The movies." Now she's going to ask how we met.

"How'd you guys meet?" What'd I tell you?

"We met while I was at the park, and then we went to Starbucks. Yes, he gave me his number." I said before she could ask. She nodded.

"Ok, I know the signs, and this means that if this date goes badly, your relationship is screwed. So, I'm picking out your clothes." Since arguing with Kat was a lost cause, I just agreed. Besides, Kat was an expert at this stuff. Her boyfriend back in New Hampshire was proof of this. They've been together since freshman year.

After about an hour of forcing me to wear different outfits, Kat finally picked one.

"Perfect!" She said, holding up a red blouse, dark jeans, and her silver sandals. "It says 'I'm being casual, but I'm still flirting.'" I had to laugh at that, but I did agree that it was perfect.

Chapter 6

I brushed my teeth before putting on my outfit for the evening. I even tried practicing my 'gliding'. It's where I try and walk as slowly and gracefully as I can without making a single noise.

I glided into my living room and saw Kat sitting on the couch with her back towards me. I couldn't exactly see what she was doing, but I could hear her arguing with somebody.

"Yes, I was at the location at 2353 hours last night. No, I did not see the subject. Because, I was a little preoccupied trying to hold on to my cover! No, she does not suspect anything, but don't you think she would have found it strange that I venture inside the location while she handled Mr. Sheldon out front? Sir, I have gotten some evidence that the subject has indeed been involved with the- Sir, I must be going. Yes, I will have the report fully drawn up by 1200 hours tomorrow. Over and Out." I had gotten close enough to her to see that w=she was talking into the hot pink watch on her wrist. Without turning around, she spoke to me. "Marie, you should not have been eavesdropping."

She no longer sounded like my best friend. Kat spoke like a robot, like she was trained to have a flat voice.

"I'm truly sorry to have kept this from you, and now I believe is the time to reveal the truth to you." She

took a deep breath. I started to worry. I've never in my entire life seen anybody look so serious.

"Marie, many years ago I went to this boarding school my mother had gone to. She was insistent that I spend my elementary years there, and I knew there was something about that place that scared me. Something about the McGregor Academy of Exceptional Students that made me want to run. Immediately upon arrival, they told me that MAES was not a boarding school for smart kids; it was a training facility for undercover agents.

"They gave me a choice: stay and train, or leave and never remember the secrets that lay behind the school's exterior. I decided to stay." She looked at me with pained eyes. I still hadn't comprehended what she was saying.

"S- So that means you're a... a... a...." I couldn't finish that impossible sentence.

"Mare, I'm a spy for MAES."

Chapter 7

"No," I refused to believe her. I've known Kat since freshman year, she is not a spy!

"I'm sorry, but it's true. Every high school in the United States has at least two MAES Agents positioned there for safety concerning students. I came with my partner, the person I was just speaking to."

"Who is your partner? Do I know him?"

"Yes, you do. It's Christy's brother, Chris." She said carefully, glancing sideways at me to see my reaction.

I swallowed. "Does Christy know?" I really hope not. It would really suck if one of my best friend had been keeping such a big secret from all of us.

"No, she thinks he went to some big boarding school in Europe while he was at the Academy training. He wasn't really cut out for undercover work, but he's a genius so now he's a squint."

"So... When you guys dated..."

"Cover story, obviously." She rolled her eyes then stood up abruptly. "I almost forgot! The Gang wanted

me to give you something." She ran out of the room, and then came running back in holding a small bag.

"Here, it's mostly from Chris and your brother, but Christy designed the frame, Addy took the picture and got the.... Costumes, and I forced the guys to wear them." She babbled as I pulled a ton of tissue paper out of the bag. I pulled out a little picture frame and took a look at the picture.

"What the hell?!" It was a photo of Chris and my twin brother, Evan (remember them?) wearing bikinis and Addy, Kat, and Christy making funny faces in the background. I burst out laughing and so did Kat.

"We thought of it as a Don't-Ever-Forget-Us present. You know, so you won't ever forget us and our silly antics." Kat explained with a smile on her face. I hugged her tight.

"Thank you so much! Oh, I wish the rest of the Gang were here!" I sighed. They are the only part of home I really miss.

Kat grinned a little grin she always gave when she was super excited. "That's part of my gift to you."

She walked over to my home computer and started pulling up windows and setting up a webcam that looked really high-tech. "Okay, so Chris agreed to let me bring along one of his HD Webcam recorders and set one up at his house so we could communicate. I was reporting to him yesterday and I got the idea of having him set up a two-way and having everyone go over to his house and talk to us. I know you have to leave in approximately," She glanced at her watch. "Half an hour, but if you could spare time to talk to your old buddies back home-"

"Shut up and show me how to turn on the dang webcam!" I yelled.

"Okay, okay! Just one minute and..." She typed a coded message on the keyboard and clicked the 'On' button. "There!" A little window popped up and Kat maximized it to Full Screen, and let me tell you, I have a big computer screen.

Somebody was obviously standing directly in front of the camera, because all I could see was a very familiar Bullet for my Valentine T-shirt. "Chris!" I screamed into my microphone.

"Shhhh.... The neighbors might start to think you're a slut!" I heard Christy say in the background.

"Oh, my gosh, guys! It's so great to see you! How's everything back home?" I asked.

"Bumblebee!" I heard a chorus of voices yell. They came up with that nickname to try and annoy me about my first name, but I actually kind of like it. It's my favorite form of Beatrice.

"She's got a date tonight." Kat said before I could respond to their excitement.

"Wait, wait, wait! A date with who?" Uh oh, time for Evan to play the protective older brother.

"Oh, shut up Ev, it's none of your beeswax!" I stuck my tongue out at him.

"But it's ours," Addy and Christy chimed in. I noticed Addy and Evan were sitting next to each other and trying so hard not to touch.

I looked straight at Addy (and hoped she could see that) and asked her, "I'll tell you when you tell me."

Addy and Evan blushed deep red and gave up on avoiding physical contact, settling on holding hands.

"We were going to tell you." Addy assured me. "It just kind of.... Happened."

"No changing the subject! Who's the jerk that wants to get in my sister's pants???" Evan was obviously desperate to get out of the spotlight.

"Relax, Bikini Boy, it's Austin Williams." Christy gasped and jumped at the camera.

"A-Austin Williams as in Knifed???????" Christy was a huge fan, but not one of those fans that liked the lead singer or hot guitarist. She was IN LOVE with the drummer, Stan. "You have to get me Stan's autograph!"

"Chill, Bill, consider it done."

"Like you and Austin," I heard Evan mutter. Addy smacked him upside the head, earning a smile from me.

"Hey, I believe it's my turn to distribute gifts." I smiled at them and pulled four envelopes from my

handbag. "I was going to mail these out tomorrow morning, care for a sneak preview?" I pulled a ticket out of one envelope, the one addressed to Evan. "Each of these envelopes contains a plane ticket to Hollywood. You guys are coming for my movie premiere." They all cheered and danced around. I laughed. "Well, sorry to go so soon, but I have a date. Love you guys!"

"Love ya Bumblebee!"

I switched off the camera and grabbed my bag. "Okay, Kat, bye!"

"Why are you saying goodbye?" She asked. I grabbed my key off the counter and opened the door.

"Kat, I love you, but you aren't coming with me."

"Of course I am, you just won't see me." She winked and walked out the door.

Chapter 8

I crossed my legs again and switched iPod playlists for a third time. I'd been waiting on this one filthy* park bench for over an hour. I knew for a fact that

Kat was nearby somewhere watching me vigilantly* for me to get up, but I refused to believe Austin would ditch me for any reason.

The birds were singing, the movie stars were shining, and the sun was just starting to set on another seemingly perfect day. How atrocious.

I shut my watery eyes for a moment to think, and heard the bench creak as it felt the weight of a person sitting down. I cracked open an eye, hoping to find Kat, but no such luck. I get Jerk Face.

"Sup, girl," Spencer drawled. His hair was falling in his eyes as he attempted to push it back.

"Go to Czechoslovak!" I spit, choking back tears.

"Okay, I have no idea where that is. So, I guess I'll just have to stay here and ask you what's wrong." He sighed dramatically. I shifted away from him and blasted an annoying happy song in my ear.

I felt one of the headphones being tugged from my ear. "Eww, you listen to We the Kings?" Spencer twisted his face into weird form of a grimace.

"You know, when you can name a band just by listening to one of their songs, it means you're a fan." I retorted.

"Touché," He smirked. "So I'm a fan, sue me."

"I think I will." I stood up and began pacing away from him and the bench. Spencer called after me, though.

"What do you want now?" I snarled.

"Jeez, Louise, I was wondering, you know since we're already here, if you wanted to go see a movie." He blurted, averting his eyes.

I tapped my foot, humming as if I was pondering it. "Can I choose the movie?" I finally asked.

"Sure, but I can't promise I'll like it." He agreed.

"Great, Valentine's Day it is!" I snickered. He groaned and dragged his feet into the theater reluctantly.

In this community, you don't have to pay for tickets, but you do have to pay for food. I made Spencer pay for popcorn and soda.

I was having so much fun watching Spencer twitch in the theater. He even tossed popcorn at the screen once, but stopped after Alex Gaskarth slung his M&M's at him.

"That was torture!" Spencer complained as we exited the theater.

"That's the point! I enjoy watching you writhe in discomfort." I grinned like the Cheshire Cat. You know, I almost forgot all about... Never mind.

"Dude, you're spacing out." Spencer said. Oops.

"My bad," I said sheepishly.

Spencer walked me home, only speaking once or twice to comment on the weather. It was dark now, and this time the actual stars shone bright in the dark sky. The moon cast shadows through the darkness and a streetlamp flickered spontaneously on a street corner.

"You know, you don't have to walk me home," I reminded him.

"Of course I do. You know, I heard Tom Kaulitz enjoys walking around at this time of night." He wiggled his eyebrows.

I giggled as if I had swallowed laughing gas. Awkwardly, I cut off the giggle and turned it into a sort of strangled cough.

"You okay?" He inquired.

"Oh, yeah I'm fine. Just... Dandy," I muttered. God, what the heck is wrong with me?

We finally stopped in front of my apartment building. "Uh, well g-good night," I stuttered.

"Wait, you never did tell me why you were out on that bench tonight..." He trailed off.

I sighed. "I got stood up. Good night," I said, and left. In a reflection from the glass doors leading into the apartment building, Spencer stared after me.

Chapter 9

"I'm telling you for the last time, nothing happened!" I exclaimed.

"Mmhmm..." Kat grinned. "It didn't exactly look that way from where I was. You were practically in his lap at that movie!"

"Hey, you know so much; how come you have no idea what we were saying?" I inquired suspiciously.

"I accidently picked up the wrong microphone when I left; the one I got was solar powered!" She groaned, slumping down on the chair.

"Some spy you are," I teased. She shot me a glare that could make Death himself cower.

Last Day of Filming

"Come on, everybody! Last day of filming, here, we've got to get this done, people!" Henry bellowed at the op of his lungs. Half the crew winced for a moment before going back to their hurried scurrying around.

Tirza warned me that Henry got a little.... crazy when it came to the last day of filming. She even brought earplugs for her breaks.

Today we are filming the scene where Alice and Eric finally share true love's first kiss and realize how in

love they are with each other, that is, until the evil ghosts burst in to take Eric away forever.

"Eric, you know we can't-" I started. Spencer placed his finger over my mouth, stopping me full sentence.

"Shhh...." He whispered. "Don't say anything. I don't care what they think, because they're wrong! I love you, and you love me! We'll be together for eternity!"

"How I wish that were true," I sighed and leaned in, inching closer and closer until finally...

"CUT!" Henry screamed. "I need more emotion from you, Mary! And Spencer, must you act so cheesy? You're a football star, not some hopeless romantic! And for God's sake, will somebody get me a damned latte?!"

Our producer, Matt Sterling, sighed and called out in a less urgent voice, "Take five, everyone. We'll start once Henry calms down."

Spencer rolled his eyes and grinned. "Hey, Mary, I wanted to ask you something. Wou-"

"Speeeeeeennnnnnnccccccerr!!!!!!" A high pitched, nauseating voice squealed.

"Crap," Spencer muttered as a girl dressed in short-shorts and a very tight tank top jumped on him. He staggered back a few feet and grimaced as he carefully peeled the preppy ball of fluff off him.

"Ohmigawd, Spency, it's been tooooooo long? I missed you soo much?" The girl had a tendency to end her every sentence as a question.

Spencer laughed nervously when I raised an eyebrow at him. The girl had her back to me.

"Uh, hey, Tasha. Yep, I thought you were at that Cheer Competition thingy." Spencer asked.

"UGH! They disqualified me for being 'too lazy' and having 'no talent'. Can you believe that? Watev," Tasha huffed. "But now I've got you here, and it's going to be soooooo much better!"

"Sure," Spencer said. "Hey, Tasha, could you go tell Tirza that she needs to be on set soon for her scene? She's in her dressing room." Tasha pouted for a

minute, then turned and sashayed her way toward the dressing rooms.

"How long did you date her for? She's a tad clingy, if you don't mind me saying." I said.

"Ha, yeah I agree with you. That's exactly why I broke up with her an hour into our first date. She's so annoying!" Spencer whined.

"Wow, does she not know the meaning of 'I'm breaking up with you'?"

"More like not knowing the meaning of 'You're so effing annoying, so leave me the eff alone, you little bitch'."

"Wow.," I said again. "What an idiot."

Chapter 10

"Hey, Mare, what do you think about me working in media?" Kat asked. Since I brought her on set, she has been following Henry around like a lost puppy. It was quite sad, really.

"Stick to spying, Sweetie." I said absentmindedly.

Kat scoffed. "You've been out of it for awhile. What's wrong?" Kat asked lightly.

"It's just..... It's almost over, isn't it. I mean, we have the premiere and then we're done with the movie. Who's to say I'll get another part like this? Who's to say I won't just completely fail as an actress?"

"You worry too much, you know that? Hey, whatever happened to that Austin guy?" Kat asked suddenly.

I groaned. "I don't know what happened, but I heard he went on tour."

I'm not going to write the words that spilled out of her mouth write then, mostly because they were far too foul for any sane human to imagine.

"Kat, calm down! I'm way over, besides, Ilikesomeoneelse." I said it in a rush. I came to that conclusion only a little while after we finished filming.

"Said what now?" Kat asked as pleasantly as I'm sure she could.

"Look, there may or may not be somebody I... like more than just a frie-" I started.

"You love Spencer, don't you?" Kat asked, astonished. She leaned forward in her little chair, surprisingly not falling over. Kat's like an encyclopedia when it comes to gossip. There's always room for another volume.

I glanced at her guiltily and went back to staring at my hands. "I need a manicure," I murmured, changing the subject with no such luck.

"Don't you dare go changing the subject on me!" Kat wagged her index finger in my face. "Spill. I want every last detail, up to what you were wearing when you realized you loved him." Her eyes were narrowed and her face was split with a grin. Her "Juicy News" face.

"I don't love him. It's probably just a schoolgirl crush. It'll go away, I'm sure." I said, rolling my eyes at Kat's romanticism.

"Well then you'd better tell him so he can explain it to Little Miss Stalker over there," Kat nodded in

Spencer's direction, where he sat on a couch looking uncomfortable as Tasha kept trying to sit on his lap. He kept pushing her off, but she just sat right back down and tried to suck face with him. The sight was both humorous and disgusting.

"Oh, I don't think she's going to be a problem. Spencer already told me he doesn't like her one bit." I told her calmly.

"I don't think so. I found her on Facebook; she changed her name to Mrs. Spencer Sheldon." Kat told me. "At the Academy, I did a course on profiling. This chick has a potential to be very dangerous if you cross her. I think you should take this very seriously. Perhaps if Spencer told her, she'd be more likely to let it go and bother some other superstar."

"Oh, yeah, so how's your case going so far? Any new leads?" I asked, hopeful she would take the bait to change the subject.

Luckily, she did. "Ugh. Marx has an unidentified accomplice that has been making life very hard for me. Twice already I've gone and tried to breach security, and twice Mr. Henchman has almost shot

me. And then there's this chick that's been laying traps for me. I think she lives there and does some dealing and other illegal jobs for Marx. Little Bitch almost got me, too."

I gasped. "Kat, are you sure you can handle this without Chris? Maybe you should hold off these missions until he gets here tomorrow." I suggested.

Kat snorted. "As if. Chris has the muscles of a two-year-old. Honestly, he's better for doing surveillance and other none-fieldwork jobs than where it comes to weapons." She explained, openly insulting her partner.

"I still think it's too dangerous for you to be messing with a drug cartel! You could die! Kat, you're my best friend, and I don't want you to get hurt." I lurched forward and hugged her tightly.

Kat patted my back. "Bumblebee, you're overreacting. I've done plenty of dangerous missions before and come out without a scratch. You have no idea what you're talking about. Now, let's go home. It's almost midnight and you need your sleep for the big night tomorrow."

"Kat, we don't have to be at the premiere until seven." I reminded her.

Kat shrugged. "Yeah, but there's the spa, the salon, getting you all dolled up in your dress, and we have to pick up the gang at the airport at six tomorrow morning."

"Oh, shoot! I forgot to make the sign!" I exclaimed. "I was gonna make a sign that said 'Idiots over here'!"

"Wonderful, Bee. Now let's go." Kat stood up and yanked my wrist. She turned and walked away, dragging me along behind her. As we passed the couch, Spencer called me.

"Hey, Mare, Henry wants us to go to the premiere together, you know, for publicity and stuff. That good with you?" Spencer asked, grunting as he shoved Tasha aside and pushed himself up off the couch. Tasha huffed and clung to his arm, glaring balefully at me.

"Careful," Kat muttered to me, referring to Tasha's reaction to Spencer talking to me.

"Yeah, sure, whatever," I said nonchalantly, screaming for joy on the inside.

"Kay, pick you up at 6:30," He said, then returned to attempting to peel Tasha off of him. Kat resumed tugging me away.

"Mare, I'm warning you. She could be dangerous." Kat warned.

"Yeah, did you see the way she glared at me? Scary," I shuddered.

"I'll keep my eye on her for you." Kat promised.

The Limo, Premiere Night

After a day of tugging, primping, and plucking, there we were, sitting in a limo headed to the Premiere of the Ghost of My Love. Spencer slumped in the leather seat and awkwardly tapped his foot, opening his mouth every once in awhile as if to speak, but never actually saying anything.

He opened his mouth once more and I shouted, "Spit it out, already!"

Spencer gave me a strange look. "I was just going to say that you look, um, pretty tonight." He said.

"Oh, um, you, too, I guess." I stuttered.

"Okay, we all look hot; can we just go back to when it was silent?" Evan, my twin brother, asked. He glared at Spencer, silently stabbing him in his mind.

Addy rolled her eyes and elbowed Evan. "Babe, stop being such a pooper." She chided softly.

"Oh, I'm a pooper, now am I?" He chuckled and launched himself at her, tickling her until she was screaming "Uncle!" and the rest of us were laughing at their cute couple antics. Well, everyone except Spencer.

"Hey, we can drop you guys off at a motel if you want. Pick you up in the morning," He suggested. In response, I punched him softly in the arm. He pouted and rubbed his arm in mock hurt.

"Look who needs the motel now," Kat teased. She flipped her blonde her over her shoulder and winked at us.

"Now I feel left out," Chris said, draping his arm lazily over Kat's shoulder. She rolled her eyes, but I caught her shifting her weight to snuggle a bit into Chris' side. I caught her eye and wiggled my eyebrows suggestively at her so that she glared at me.

The limo stopped and the chauffeur opened the door for us. Spencer stepped out first to take my hand and lift me out gracefully. Well, that was the plan. Instead, I stumbled over the edge of the curb and tripped into Spencer's arms. I blushed through my immense amount of makeup and murmured an apology. I started to pull myself away, but he held a firm grip to my waist and guided me down the red carpet as cameras flashed like a lightning storm.

Reporters, paparazzi, and fans lined up along both sides of the aisle, held back by red ropes and security. When Spencer passed by, the fanatics screamed their love and the photographers snapped their pay.

"Spencer! Spencer! How do you think Marie did with her first movie?"

"Marie! Are you and Spencer an item?"

"God, they're like piranhas," I muttered to Spencer. He nodded and smirked at the camera.

Christy skipped up behind me and linked her arm through mine. Spencer released my waist, much to my displeasure. "So, superstar, how's it feel to be the next big thing?" She inquired in a deep voice, exactly like those of the paparazzi.

I laughed with pure jubilance and answered, "It was amazing! I hope that someday, I'll be as great of an actress as some of my heroes!"

We reached the entrance to the theater. Kat, Christy, Chris, Evan, Addy, and I all linked arms and strolled into the dimly lit lobby.

Concession stands manned by theater workers lined the walls. Others movie stars stood in groups chattering away about "who's shooting in Switzerland" or "who didn't get that part in the new movie".

I unchained myself from the gang and said, "I gotta pee, gang. Back in a flash," I scampered off to the side

to the restroom sign. I glanced back to see my group dispersing to make small talk with the other guests.

I turned around, smiling, and turned into the hallway. I was out of view to everybody in the lobby.

I short figure in a mask shot out from a supply room at the side of the hallway and punched me in the stomach. I bent over, unable to speak, the sir knocked from my lungs. The figure covered my face with a strongly-smelling cloth and the world went dark.

Chapter 11

I blinked my eyelids heavy and my bones aching. My hair fell in my face, but when I tried to reach up and push it away, I found that my arms were bound to my sides. That's when I figured out I wasn't at the premiere anymore.

I was in a dark room. The only light was filtered through the tiny window to my left. To my right was a metal door, scratched and bent out of shape.

The scuffed tile floor was covered in splotches of dried blood. I shifted a bit to see if I was injured anywhere, but the only pain I felt was that of being

in the same slumped position for hours. I was sitting in a chair, hands behind the back of the chair and legs strapped to the chair legs by rough ropes. The skin of my wrists was rubbed raw by so much tugging.

"Help," I whispered, unable to shout because I was so parched.

The door swung open with a horrible squeaking sound. There stood Tasha, clad in black from head to toe. Behind her I saw nothing but darkness.

"Tasha," I coughed.

"Thirsty, Bitch?" She mocked. She strode towards me, carrying a dirty glass full of milk. "Here's some milk!" She chucked the glass at my face, splashing me with the sour liquid. I coughed and sputtering, blinking furiously to clear the burning milk from my eyes.

"Why, Tasha? Why me?" I choked.

"Because he chose you! He chose you instead of me! I'm way better than you will ever be! Well, with you gone he'll come crying to me," She said smugly.

"He never liked you! Tasha, if you let me go now, I won't press charges. Just let me go." I said with a shaky voice.

"Oh, I'm not the one who's determining you fate. Austin!" She shouted.

Austin walked into the room and stood behind Tasha. "'Sup," He said with a smirk.

"Austin, what are you doing?" I gasped. I yanked at the ropes, but they held fast.

He leaned down until we were eye to eye. "Marie, if you join me, we could be rich! We would have everything together, Marie." He growled, his fowl breath fanning over my face like a toxic cloud of gas.

"Where am I?" I demanded.

"The Marx Mansion. Come on, Marie, we know you've been spying here. With all your surveillance and sneaking around, you think we wouldn't find out?" He chuckled, pinching my cheek. "Now, what do you say? Join our drug business and live a happy life, or refuse and die a painful death."

"I'd rather die a thousand deaths than make a living off other people's misery." I spat.

"Have it your way," He sighed, standing straight and walking out of the room. I couldn't breathe. What did he mean by that? Was he the henchman Kat was talking about? Does that mean Tasha was the bitch setting the traps? Why did they think I was the one spying?

I didn't notice when Tasha came forward brandishing a dagger, until she made a slit from my hairline to my chin with it. Blood dripped down my face and other my premiere dress. Though on the inside I burned with fear, I held an indifferent expression in my eyes, showing no sign of anger or despair. This seemed to frustrate Tasha.

She held the knifepoint to my jugular. "Scared yet, Bitch?" She taunted.

"Only for your soul, Tasha." I said with a toneless voice.

The knife bit into my throat. "Don't you dare call me by that name? To you, I am Your highness!" Tasha said indignantly.

I laughed humorlessly. "You truly are a psycho. See you in hell, Tasha." I squeezed my eyes shut, waiting for her to slash into the flesh of my throat.

A shot rang out in the room. My eyes flew open at the feeling of the knife leaving my neck. Tasha fell to the floor, the side of her head blown out by the bullet. Kat stood at the door, her gun still aimed at Tasha, though I doubt anybody could have survived that shot to the head.

"God, I hate cheerleaders." She spat.

"Kat!" I gasped, tears springing to my eyes. She dropped her gun and leapt forward to untie me. The moment the ropes were cut away, I threw my arms around her and sobbed into her shoulder. She patted my back and whispered reassurances to me.

"Come on, Bumblebee, let's go home."

Chapter 12

I spent the rest of the night giving my report to the police and curled up in Evan's side sobbing. They caught Austin fleeing the scene, they arrested Marx with plenty of evidence Austin gave them, and Tasha was declared dead at the scene.

"Good riddance," Spencer said when he found out, and then he came to comfort me. He was hysterical and kept apologizing for being the cause of the events, even though I insisted it was Tasha's pathetic clinginess that nearly got me killed, and not Spencer's preference for me.

When I got over my near-death and being witness to a girl's death, I fell asleep. I dreamed about home; my real home with all my friends and no drama. I mean is acting really what I want to do?

No.

The answer was so simple, so easy. Sure, I had so much fun meeting all those new friends and living my dream for a few months, but was kissing random strangers on set and always having cameras flashing in my face really a dream? Of course not.

So I decided to go home. I'd tell everyone in the morning. I know they will be supportive and not give me a hard time about not taking the job.

Hey, I'm only seventeen. I've still got my whole life ahead of me.

THE END

About the Author

xxlittleflamexx